DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, AND EDUCATION.

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NOTICE.

Subscribers finding the figure 11 after their names will bear in mind that their term will expire at the end of the present month. Early remittances are desirable, as there is then no loss of any numbers by the stopping of the paper.

TRUST.

BY MRS. M. F. BUTTS.

Make a little fence of trust
Around to-day;
Fill the space with loving work,
And therein stay.

Look not through the sheltering bars
Upon to-morrow;
God will help thee bear what comes
Of joy or sorrow.

—*N. Y. Independent.*

IL SANTISSIMO BAMBINO.

BY [illegible]

On the Capitoline Hill, in Rome, stands a church, twelve hundred years old, called Ara Cœli. It is unpromising in its outward appearance, but is rich in marbles and mosaics within.

The most precious possession of this ancient church, however, is a wooden doll called Il Santissimo Bambino—The Most Holy Infant. It is dressed like an Italian baby, and an Italian baby is dressed like a mummy. We often see them in their mothers' arms, so swathed that they can no more move than a bundle without any baby inside of it. Their little legs must ache for the freedom of kicking. The dress of *the* Bambino is very different from that of *a* bambino after all, for it is cloth of silver, and it sparkles all over with jewels which have been presented to it, and it wears a golden crown upon its head.

This is the history of this remarkable doll, as devout Roman Catholics believe. You must judge for yourselves how much of it is truth and how much fable.

They say this image of the infant Saviour was carved from olive-wood which grew upon the Mount of Olives, by a monk who lived in Palestine; and, as he had no means of painting it with sufficient beauty, his prayers prevailed upon St. Luke to come down from Heaven and color it for him. Then he sent it to Rome to be present at the Christmas festival. It was shipwrecked on the way, but finally came safely to land, and was received with great reverence by the Franciscan monks, who placed it in a shrine at Ara Cœli. It was soon found to have miraculous power to heal the sick, and was so often sent for to visit them, that, at one time, it received more fees than any physician in Rome. It has its own carriage in which it rides abroad, and its own attendants, who guard it with the utmost care.

One woman was so selfish as to think it would be a capital thing if she could get possession of this wonder-working image for herself and her friends.

"She had another doll prepared of the same size and appearance as the 'Santissimo,' and having feigned sickness and obtained permission to have it left with her, she dressed the false image in its clothes, and sent it back to Ara Cœli. The fraud was not discovered till night, when the Franciscan monks were awakened by the most furious ringing of bells and by thundering knocks at the west door of the church, and hastening thither, could see nothing but a wee, naked, pink foot peeping in from under the door; but when they opened the door, without stood the little naked figure of the true Bambino of Ara Cœli, shivering in the wind and rain. So the false baby was sent back in disgrace, and the real baby restored to its home, never to be trusted away alone any more."

IL SANTISSIMO BAMBINO

This marvellous escape is duly recorded in the sacristy of the church where the Bambino safely dwells under lock and key all the year, except the time from Christmas to Epiphany, when it comes out to receive the homage of the people.—*Wide Awake.*

HENRY BEWLEY, OF DUBLIN.

BY GEORGE C. NEEDHAM.

"A standard bearer has fallen in Israel." Mr. Henry Bewley, universally known as the head of the great Tract House in Dublin, is now "absent from the body, present with the Lord." At the age of 72, after fulfilling his ministry and completing his life-work, he sailed into the harbor like a vessel freighted with a precious cargo which bringeth glory to the owner thereof. None more than he was ready to acknowledge his indebtedness to grace, and none more constant in giving thanks for the blessings received. Now he is before the Throne ascribing endless honors to the Lamb that was slain, and occupied in holy worship at the feet of his Redeemer. Ever ready to do this here, how much more prompt will he be to do it there!

His service for God was of a peculiar kind, but wherever Christ is acknowledged throughout the civilized globe, the influence of his ministry was more or less felt. In America as in Britain, throughout Germany, France, Italy, and other countries of Europe, he heralded the story of the cross, which was ever to himself a blessed and deep reality. The Dublin tracts were his origination, and for many years he devoted his wealth and his personal labors to disseminate the precious gospel far and wide until *five hundred millions of tracts*, printed and published in many languages at his expense, were put into circulation. Besides, his large-heartedness found other channels for its exercise, and his love to Christ planned, other agencies through which the knowledge of that love should flow to others. Full of humility, gentleness, and an ever-present consciousness of his own insufficiency, he always sought to extol the grace of God, and thus not by constraint but willingly, not by spasmodic effort but by spontaneous outflow. Not seeking special grace or spirituality to meet death when aware of its approach, but being spiritual, and having walked with God for many years, he not only met death's approach calmly and peacefully, but entered the valley in triumph.

His last words were not indicative of a new experience, but they were the true expression of his inward life as seen and read by those who were privileged to know him for many years. Very kindly he enquired about the Lord's work in America during my late visit to Dublin, and he rejoiced in hearing what great things the Lord hath done.

His last moments were very tranquil, and his dying counsels well worth remembering. Amongst his utterances were the following:

"I would say to all of every sect and denomination, Let Christ be first, and the church second."

"He hath given his Son for us. My gospel is, 'The best thing in heaven for the worst thing on earth.'"

"Don't rob the Lord of a few minutes every morning. Meditate on the Scriptures—the Word itself. Meditate on it in the calmness of a waiting spirit."

"Now it is all love, all praise. My Jesus hath done all things well."

"I never [illegible] but I know what work I belong to. I never loved his people more than now. I am in peace, sweet peace."

At one time the doctor said to him, fearing he might be excited, "Now be calm." His reply was, "Calm! I am as calm as the surface of that looking-glass. Are the angels calm? Will you be calm when you see Jesus?"

Again, "Those wounded feet! Who will kiss them first? If there be a contest in heaven as to who shall kiss them first I will join in it."

"Lay my hand on my Bible. Here I rest all my hope."

"Ah! you see me in humiliation, and all because of sin; but thanks be to God who giveth us the victory. He would not wear his honors alone. This is only the robing-room for a glorious eternity."

Almost his last words were, "I want that Jesus may be glorified in me, whether is be in life or in death." When he said that he fell asleep.—*S. S. Times.*

BUILDING UP A HOMESTEAD.—The New York *Evangelist* says the feeling that you are settled and fixed, will induce you to work to improve your farms, to plant orchards, to set out shade trees, to enclose pastures, to build comfortable outhouses; and each successive improvement is a bond to bind you still closer to your homes. This will bring contentment in the family. Your wives and daughters will fall in love with the country, your sons will love home better than grog-shops, and prefer farming to measuring tape and professional loafing, and you will be happy in seeing the contented and cheerful faces of your families. Make your home beautiful, convenient and pleasant, and your children will love it above all other places; they will leave it with regret, think of it with fondness, come back to it joyfully, and seek their chief happiness around their home fireside. Women and children need more than meat, bread and raiment; more than acres of corn and cotton spread out around them. Their love for the beautiful must be satisfied. Their taste must be cultivated; their sensibilities humored, not shocked. To accomplish this good end, home must be made lovely, conveniences multiplied, comforts multiplied, and cheerfulness fostered. There must be both sunshine and shade, luscious fruit and fragrant flowers, as well as corn and cotton. The mind and heart, as well as the fields, must be cultivated; and then intelligence and contentment will be the rule instead of the exception. Stick to, improve and beautify your homesteads, for with this good work comes content.

Temperance Department.

THE ONLY HOPE.

BY BEN ADAM.

Thrilling experiences in the temperance work have led us to settle down firmly into the conviction that the grace of God in the heart is the only hope for thorough, permanent cure of the confirmed inebriate. It is also the only hope for him who is walking in the charmed circles of social tippling and of so-called moderate drinking. I would not by any means ignore the glorious work done by the various temperance societies; the white light of the Judgment Day will show that to "a throng whom no man can number" these societies have been guardian angels indeed to keep steps that have never strayed in the path of purity—to temporarily check those, also, who would otherwise have rushed to "outer darkness" till bonds of divine strength could be tenderly drawn around them.

Those only who have been the actual sufferers from the malady of confirmed inebriety are capable of understanding how powerless such are to withstand temptation through any human power or any combination of human powers. When the demon of drink has once shattered that mysterious nerve system which is the only mortal agency to control the more mysterious will-force that determines human action, the victim is lost, save as the aid of the hand that hurls planets in their orbits is grasped and clung to. Only that charity which is so thoroughly the genuine article as to be synonymous with love can begin to comprehend the helplessness of the one whose nerve-power is thus paralyzed. The enemy then has him under a lever, the long end of which he holds, [illegible] crushes down one who would otherwise stand in comparison to his critic as a scorn the ruins of short to reform. It is shattered, and the sufferer is in very truth like Sampson among the Philistines with his locks shorn. Such are never safe till that fever of hell is cooled in the shadow of the Great Rock in this weary land. The temperance society may be the advance guard to arrest the march of the enemy; it no doubt very often is such: the only force, however, capable of routing, capturing, and destroying the Rum Fiend is commanded by the "still, small voice."

It is an accepted principle, demonstrated in practice, that, in projectiles and gunnery, doubling the diameter of the bore of a cannon quadruples the range of the piece. Every step in the downward track of the drinker more than quadruples the power of the enemy over him, and more than divides his power of resistance on a corresponding ratio. In battles between armies where the preponderance of cannon over other departments of service make these battles—as in modern times they often are—"artillery duels," the side which has the heaviest guns—other things being equal—will be the victor. In the battle between temptation and the inebriate, if he stands in his own strength alone, temptation has the heaviest guns and is sure to conquer. I have seen the victim rally grandly, over and over again, his friends rallying around him, the Division doors opening to welcome him back, no matter how many times or how disgracefully he may have fallen: unless, however, in some time of temporary victory he caught the rays of light streaming out through the gates of gold, I never knew one to be reformed who was so far gone as to continue breaking pledges of abstinence.

I have in memory one of the ablest judges who ever sat on the Supreme Bench; his learning was vast, and varied, and thorough. When he was himself he was one of the princes of the social circle; but he had learned to love the cup where the serpent nestles. At last he was persuaded to enter one of the great temperance fraternities. His friends clustered around him lovingly, earnestly, resolutely. He struggled terribly himself. He finally became the chief for the order in the State. At last he fell. For agonizing years thereafter his experience was the old story over again. He grappled with temptation with that energy of despair of which a giant mind is capable, till he and those who loved him would have hope again. Then would come another stunning fall. At times when the right had temporary mastery we wrestled with him. O! how hard to decide—as did Israel's veteran captain—"as for me, and my house, we will serve the Lord." We knew this was the only hope, and he sometimes admitted it; but still he waited for "a more convenient season." At last this star of science and literature and jurisprudence went out in the blackness of darkness. He died drunk, stark naked, alone, in the hot hold of an Atlantic coasting steamer. But why multiply cases of this class, their story is one wild, prolonged wail in the sad minor key; they are a multitude numerous as the leaves of the forest, or as sparks in the infernal regions.

We turn with mingled feelings of pain and pleasure to the other side of the picture. We knew another, the intellectual peer of the judge whose story we have just told. He stood at the head of his profession as a mechanical engineer. His genius was of the order which has produced some of the marvels of invention and construction for which our country is so famous in the estimation of foreigners. Though he was my senior by more than a score of years, our mechanical tastes drew us together like brothers.

Intemperate habits, formed long before I knew him, gained power over him till he was literally the terror of his family—loving and lovely wife and daughters and a noble grey-haired mother eighty years of age trembled not only for him but for themselves, when the fires of the Devil of Drink were gleaming in his eyes. He would listen to the writer of this, even when writhing in *mania a potu*; and I grappled his case as I never did anything else on earth. I entered into it so entirely that it was part of my nature, sleeping or waking. It haunted me in dreams so that I would cry out in sleep so fearfully as to waken and frighten the inmates of the house. As often as he fell I would get him back into the Division, diving into horrid drinking holes and dragging him out and to the door of the Division, where the Sons of Temperance rallied around him. At last I met him one day when I saw in his eye that he was then thoroughly in one of his sprees. He grasped my hand and assured me he had in his pocket a document in which he had just pledged himself under oath, before a magistrate, never to drink again. I held his proffered hand firmly, and looking him steadily but affectionately in the face, said to him—calling him by his Christian name—"It is no use for you to sign papers, or join societies. You will come to Christ, or a drunkard's grave will be the door of hell to your poor soul." He had a wild revel that night, [illegible] He also did what cursed us, and shook us off and ran[illegible] away in the darkness. But the words of warning continued to ring in his ears, and he soon accepted refuge on the Rock from which no temptation can tear him away.

Another case was that of a sea captain I had never seen till I found him at a meeting for sailors in Boston. He rose with others for prayer and at the close of the exercise, I singled him out for a few words of conversation. He was then so beastly drunk, however, that it was of no earthly use to say anything to him. I therefore wrote the warning verbally made in the other case on a card, and stuffed it in one of his pockets where he would find it when he became sober. That arrow too went home. He heeded the warning and became noted for his efficiency in Christian work among seafaring men.

As the years pass on we are more and more convinced this gospel is the only hope in hundreds of thousands of cases of which these here referred to are types. They are falling every day. Many of them are or have been in positions of vast importance in public and in private life. Their talents and attainments are such that as a question of political economy their value to the commercial and the industrial and the professional interests of the country is so great as to be almost beyond the reach of financial estimate. They often die suddenly, and too often it is called heart disease or congestion of the brain, or something else, when truth would call it intemperance. They, each of them, together with every other human soul, are going to meet One who has said in his word, "No drunkard shall enter the kingdom." The "glad tidings," "Come unto me, and I will give you rest," proclaimed it may be by some gentle woman or some little child, is the only hope for them. We say to them, to all: "Come to Jesus just now," by deciding, in earnest, to serve Him, and daily and regularly to read the Bible, and pray for the wisdom and strength to carry out the decision.—*Christian Union.*

A YOUNG LADY'S INFLUENCE.

A young man called, in company with several other gentlemen, upon a young lady. Her father was also present, to assist in entertaining the callers. He did not share his daughter's scruples against the use of spirituous drinks, for he had wine to offer. The wine was poured out, and would soon have been drank, but the young lady asked: "Did you call upon me or upon papa?"

Gallantry, if nothing else, compelled them to answer, "We called upon you."

"Then you will please not drink wine; I have a lemonade for my callers."

The father urged the guests to drink, and they were undecided. The young lady added; "Remember, if you called upon me, then you drink lemonade; but if upon papa, why, in that case, I have nothing to say."

The wine glasses were set down with their contents untasted.

After leaving the house, one of the party exclaimed, "That is the most effectual temperance lecture I have ever heard."

Indeed, it was seed sown in good ground. It took root, sprang up, and is now bearing fruit. The young man, from whom these facts were obtained, broke off at once from the use of all strong drink, and is now, as clergyman, preaching temperance and religion. As he related the circumstance to me tears came into his eyes. He sees now his former dangerous position, and holds in grateful remembrance the lady who gracefully and still resolutely, gave him to understand that her callers should not drink wine.

WATER OR WINE.—If the average traveller only feared wine or brandy as he does water, it would be a great gain to the cause of temperance. No matter what part of the world he is in, he seems to have an idea that the only really dangerous drink in that vicinity is the water. If an American travels in Europe, he is commonly told by his fellow-travellers that the water there is very bad; it is quite unsafe to drink it; he had better take wine or brandy as a beverage. If the European travels in America, he learns the same thing about the water here. A New Englander going west is warned against the water of the west. He must take strong drinks or die. Nothing in New England, on the other hand, so perils a western man's life as pure spring water. Green apples, wilted cucumbers, baked beans, are innocuous; but anything which will bring the "drunk" is the safest thing in the world, for the man or woman of delicate constitution. Even here in Philadelphia, a great many visitors to the Centennial understand that the water of the Schuylkill is not quite safe. They find it necessary to take freely of beer, or wine, or at least to put a little brandy into the water. Occasionally one of them has satisfactory evidence from his personal experience [illegible] of warning on this point. [illegible] walking about in the hot sun for three or four hours looking at the Exhibition, drinking several glasses of lemonade, and making a lunch of fried chicken, he has a sense of faintness with twinges of pain, which he is satisfied are the result of his unwisely drinking a glass of this Philadelphia water. He "ought to have known better." He "won't try it again." He will stick to the trustworthy beer or claret. "If Solomon had only said, "Look not upon cold water, when you can get anything stronger to drink," how many followers he would have had.—*S. S. Times.*

UNFERMENTED WINE.—The elders of the Rev. Newman Hall's congregation have resolved to use unfermented wine entirely at their communion service. This is one of the largest and most influential churches in London, their new building, which was lately opened, costing £59,000. Their example in this matter is well fitted to tell favorably on the practice of other churches.—*Exchange.*

Ten years ago this matter was spoken of only by the few. Here and there a church procured and used the fruit of the vine, but the great majority of churches in Great Britain and America bought and used the doctored whiskey styled "old Port," &c. How many church members have had their appetites roused time and time again by the alcohol in the Communion cup, time will never make known, but instances are not wanting where persons have gone out and become drunken after partaking of the cup at communion; and where others have had to stay away from the ordinance or omit the wine for fear of the Tempter in the cup. This last course was suggested by a good pastor in Halifax a short time ago in preference to doing away with the alcohol and adopting the fruit of the vine uncontaminated with decomposition and decay. We are glad the world is advancing, and that the Church is coming up so rapidly to the practical aid of temperance workers. When the churches of the Dominion put away the accursed beverage from their tables, we can expect Government to forbid its entrance to their warehouses, and the people to do without it on their side-boards and in their cellars. We are nearer to this than some people suppose.—*Alliance Journal.*

BEER IN GERMANY.—A correspondent of an American paper says:— At Hamburg we left the people (apparently all of them) drinking beer; at Hanover we stepped out on the platform, and the whole city seemed to be drinking beer at the station; and when we reached Gottingen, the very first sight that greeted our eyes was that of an immense crowd of men, women and children, every one of whom seemed to have nothing to do but to sip from the omnipresent "schappen." Most of them, it is true, were apparently sober, industrious, and happy people; but it is equally true, that most of them were bloated, and had indelibly stamped on the features a look which reminded one more of beer than of brains. And they are not all sober, industrious and happy people; drunkenness is by no means uncommon here in Gottingen. I asked a German student if he knew of any suffering and misery *actually caused by drunkenness.* He laughed and said "yes, much." I have myself seen a German student so drunk that he could neither stand nor sit, so, of course, he lay on the ground, and that, too, in broad daylight, in the presence of almost all Gottingen. I mention these facts, because it has been frequently asserted that in Germany the liquor traffic, if not a blessing, is, at least, not a great evil.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE FOR THE CHINESE.—A correspondent at Ningpo sends us the following: "The use of intoxicating liquors, among the Chinese is on the increase, and is endangering the life of the native churches. Many of the missionaries are beginning to notice this, and are taking means to check the evil. At Ningpo, Dr. S. P. Barchet, of the American Baptist Mission, has just published a tract in the Chinese language, called 'Ka-Tsiu-Leng,' an exhortation to total abstinence. The doctor, a medical man and a total abstainer, proves that the alcohol found in the native liquors is a poison, that it is not in any sense a food, that it injures digestion, gives no strength increases disease, and leads to poverty, crime, and death. Each point is illustrated and applied, and the tract closes with a powerful appeal to abstain altogether from alcoholic drinks. We trust that it will have a large circulation, and be the means of blessing to many."—*National Advocate.*

DYING INTOXICATED.—The *Temperance Advocate* says:—The too common practice of administering brandy and other alcoholic preparations in the sick-room, it is greatly to be feared, often sends patients thus treated into the next life in a condition of intoxication, if it does not hasten their departure. It is a marked incident of the prolonged illness of Commodore Vanderbilt, as given to the public through one of our daily journals, that he is said to have declined all alcoholic prescriptions from his physicians, on the ground that he did not want to die with his mind clouded. His example in this respect embodies an important lesson, by which both alcoholic physicians and their patients should profit.

INCREASE OF BRANDY IN SWITZERLAND.—*La Temperance*, under the head of "Switzerland," presents the following significant item, which shows that in a great wine-producing country the wine-panacea, so often recommended for this country, does not suffice to prevent an enormous increase in the manufacture and consumption of brandy: "Pastor Junod, whose name is intimately connected with the repression of drunkenness in Switzerland, makes the statement that in 1868 the canton of Berne used twenty-five times more brandy than it did in 1811, without reckoning the home-made product, which did not exist at that time."

UNFERMENTED WINE.—A number of missionaries in Turkey and Syria recently published a card stating that they had never "seen or heard of an unfermented wine." We take pleasure in publishing a statement made by Miss Maria A. West, missionary of the American Board in Turkey, who says in her recent book, entitled "Romance of Missions," that—"In the Syriac church, the oldest in the world, it seems that fermented wine is *not* used for the communion. When the fresh juice of the grape cannot be obtained, raisins are soaked and the juice expressed for the purpose."—*Temperance Advocate.*

—Formal talks and lectures on duty do not make up the most impressive influence of a Sunday-school. Its general tone, appearing in prayer, singing, conversation, address, visitation, punctuality, and in patient continuance in well-doing is more impressive than any special appeal. An old statement has it that a man cannot live *skimmed milk* all the week, and then preach *cream* on Sunday. A teacher, too, can no more do this than can a preacher. Nor can a school waste nine-tenths of its session, and then make amends in the remainder.

Take heed that ye do not your alms before men, to be seen of them.

MATT. 6: 1.

Agricultural Department.

MULCHING.

This subject, which is gaining additional prominence every year, owes much of its unpopularity to the abuse of its application. I have in my mind's eye an instance that illustrates the damage done in the system, simply by employing workmen who were not conversant with the principles involved. What could ever induce a rational being to cover the surface of an orchard two feet deep with straw, is more than the majority of fruit growers could possibly guess, and yet such was the fact. Of course it injured the trees, soured the soil and made a capital home for all manner of injurious insects, besides whole villages of mice. The advantages to be derived from the use of mulching material may be summed up somewhat as follows:—

First, the desire to keep the soil moderately moist and cool. Secondly, to prevent the surface from baking hard through the combined influences of the rays of the sun and the high winds. Thirdly, as a preventive from weeds. For newly-planted trees all of these are necessities; the mulch preserves the surface moist and cool, and this is precisely the condition under which young fibres are formed. It keeps the soil open and porous, another *sine qua non* for the formation and growth of young roots. That it smothers out the numerous weeds that would invariably start were the surface not protected, is a self-evident fact.

For three or four seasons past, we in the Middle States have suffered terribly from the severity of the droughts; and had it not been for the beneficial effects of mulching, in many instances the losses would have been frightful. Paradoxical as it may appear, water applied as we will does not answer the purpose altogether. We need something more; shade is absolutely essential, together with an equable temperature. Nature sets us an example in this respect in the fall of snow. It is not so much the moisture contained in the covering that falls so lightly and covers up our plants so evenly; not at all. It is the adequate protection afforded the roots, that no matter how severe the succeeding weather may be, these are preserved cool and unchangeable so long as the snow shall last. I know not of a more beautiful illustration in horticulture than this lesson that nature vouchsafes to teach us.

The material that should compose our mulch differs with the plants to be protected, as well as with the season when it is applied. We may rest satisfied, however, that all green or unfermented substances are deleterious in their nature, and not unfrequently do more harm than good. We occasionally hear of instances, however, where such have been used with good effect, as, for example, the use of turnip-tops for mulching strawberry beds; still the principle is bad and should be discouraged. Heat and moisture engender decomposition in green vegetable tissue, and the heat consequent upon rapid decomposition is very injurious to plant life, when placed in immediate juxtaposition therewith. It calls into active life innumerable forms of fungoid structure, many of which are the forerunners of disease, and all are deleterious in the effect upon the health of the higher orders of vegetation. It forms a proper hot-bed for the propagation and dissemination of millions of insects, the greater portion of which damage the roots and bark of our trees and plants. And, lastly, it imparts a sour and saddened character to the soil beneath, which must affect the well-being of the plant.

What are the best materials to be used is not so easily answered, although there are some things like spent tan-bark that seem really adapted to almost all manner of plants. The healthiest pear trees I ever saw were kept constantly mulched with a good thick coat of this, and each autumn a slight sprinkling of well rotted manure was scattered over the surface. Tan-bark is applicable to most kinds of growing plants, from the largest orchard trees to the strawberry beds in the garden. Straw, not too long, and pliable, cannot well be excelled. It is clean and affords a pleasant shade devoid of any deleterious effects. Hay I do not like, unless very coarse, and green grass kills more than it cures. Manure should never be used in a fresh state, although such is occasionally resorted to around large trees.

Plants in pots, that is, the ordinary varieties usually grown for this purpose, including roses, are greatly benefited by a slight mulch of old hot-bed manure. And conifers, too, show the effect of this fertilizing covering by an increased color and a more vigorous growth. Bright straw is after all the best covering for winter vegetables, such as spinach, lettuce, cabbage, &c. Leaves are excellent for most things, but not around young evergreens. I have seen whole beds of these entirely destroyed by the compact mat which leaves form by spring, and thus preventing a free circulation of air, kills the plants in many instances. The subject may be summed up in a few words. After planting, most forms of vegetable growth are benefited by mulching; during dry seasons everything enjoys it to a moderate extent. The number of trees and plants that have been saved by the process is beyond our calculation; then why not apply the remedy more extensively?—*J. H., in N. Y. Tribune.*

RURAL LIFE.

In some countries, and in Spain among others, agriculture was regarded with contempt, a prejudice that only bespoke the ignorance and debasement of the minds that cherished it. In settling this question, the Spaniards had only to recur to the time "when Adam delved and Eve span," and when the sons of kings were hewers of wood, and their daughters drawers of water. To a mind, in fact, free from ambition, and in times moderately favorable, there can be few occupations more delightful than that of a farmer. He does not constantly operate upon stocks and stones; he does not pander to a vitiated taste, and deal in commodities that are positively baneful. No; he addresses himself directly to the great source of all our enjoyments, he presses art into the service of nature, and has to do with the weighty concerns of soil, season, and climate; his workshop is the fruitful earth; his machinery the sun, moon and clouds, and aided by these, he produces the elements of every comfort; irrigating the parched plain, draining the morass, enclosing the common, and reclaiming the barren waste. In a word, it is his fortune to exemplify, in some degree, the truth of Swift's position, "that he who raises two ears of corn where only one grew before," is more useful in his day and generation, than hundreds on hundreds of names which history, in her great charity, seems never tired of eulogizing, but who, where the truth dared be told, were only remarkable for the miseries they entailed on the human race.

On observing the pale-faced mechanic hurrying away to his morning labors, we almost regret with Rousseau, that great cities should have become so numerous; that mankind should be congregated in such mighty masses; and think, not without pain, of the many long hours the artisan must pass in the tainted atmosphere of a crowded manufactory. But how different are our feelings on seeing the gardener resuming the badge of his trade or the plow-boy harnessing his well-trained team! Though the toils of both may be hard, they are surrounded with every object that is cheerful and inviting; the grass springs and the daisy blossoms under their feet; the sun tells them by his shadows how the day waxes or wanes; the blackbird serenades them from every hedge or tree; and they enjoy, moreover, the inexpressible pleasure of beholding Nature in her fairest forms, rewarding most munificently their skill and industry. How does the citizen sigh for such scenes! and how soon, when his fortune is made, does he hurry away from the confines of a second Babel, to sink the merchant in the gentleman farmer. Few strive to rival the handicraftsman by making their own shoes, or any other needful article of dress; but all, yes, all who are able, strive to trim their own gardens, and superintend the cultivation of their own property.—*Eliza Cook's Journal.*

Something New About Pears.—Mr P. T. Quinn tells the following story in his "Rural Topics" in *Scribner for July;* A few years ago, a gentleman living in the suburbs of New York, anxious to have large pear trees that would bear fruit soon, contracted with a tree agent for some Bartletts, the price of which was fixed at $10 apiece. The trees came in due time and were set out. In two years from the time of planting, they bore a small round russet pear, that hung on the trees until late in October. About this time, the very same agent made his appearance and, being reminded of the contract to furnish Bartletts, he asked to be allowed to examine the trees and fruit, the latter still hanging on the trees. He examined both carefully, and, suddenly turning toward his victim, said, with a stern expression, "Well, sir, when I sold you those trees I supposed you were a well-read, intelligent man; but now I am of a different opinion." This very singular remark brought forth the query, "Why?" from the owner. "Why," was the response from the agent, "to think of a man of culture at this day and age, who does not know the fact that a Bartlett tree never bears Bartlett pears the first year." The gentleman admitted his ignorance, and the pedler left, master of the situation. Some weeks after, the victim made enquiry of a neighbor to know if he was aware of this strange phenomenon in horticulture. Since then, this tree agent has not made his appearance in this section of the country.

Clearing Land with Dynamite.—Experience at clearing lands, both in removing stumps and large boulders with dynamite in Scotland has been a success. The following account is given of a late trial, in an Edinburgh paper: "A spadeful of earth was removed from the side of a stump and a hole driven into the stump with a crow-bar. Into this hole a cartridge of dynamite was pressed by means of a wooden ramrod, then a detonating percussion cap, with a Blackford's fuse attached was squeezed into a small cartridge or primer of dynamite, and inserted into the hole in the trunk in contact with the charge. The hole was filled up with loose earth, about a foot-length of the fuse being left bare. A match was next applied to the fuse, and sufficient time was taken for the powder to reach the percussion cap to allow the operatives to retire to a safe distance. When the explosion occurred the trunk was literally blown out of the ground, some of the fragments, weighing nearly twenty pounds, being thrown to a distance of over a hundred yards. The destruction of the stump was complete. In breaking up big boulder stones, the dynamite was simply placed on top of the stone, covered with wet sand, and fired with the fuse in the ordinary way. The result was the reduction of the boulders to fragments the size of a walnut. It was effectually proved by the experiments that land can be speedily cleared of formidable obstructions to good cultivation by the use of dynamite, and the committee of the society who watches the operations expressed themselves as highly satisfied with the results.—*N. Y. Observer.*

Exercise for Animals—Hens.—An experienced farmer says that in all schemes for feeding animals in yards and stables, instead of allowing them to get their own food in woods or pastures, there is one thing lost sight of; namely, the necessity of physical exercise, in order to have the best of health. We know how it is with men and women who do not take exercise enough, and it is as true of animals. They need something to do as well as something to eat, and the wise man is he who finds his animals exercise as well as food. One of the best chicken "culturists" that we know acts always on this principle. They are usually so situated that the birds cannot have full range, but have to be kept confined in a rather small yard. They generally look pitiful when penned up in this way, but here they look as cheerful as if they were in the open air, because something is found for them to do. In the fall of the year leaves are thrown in about the yard, and the grain on which they are fed is thrown in about them, so that it takes considerable scratching about before they can find it. At other times, they are treated to a load of sand or earth thrown in the yard, in which they scratch and amuse themselves, and sometimes through the season the lawn man forks up the ground. These and similar thoughtful plans for finding work for the feathered flock are practised, and our friend believes with much profit to the birds.—*Exchange.*

Keep Chickens Scratching.—Shelter afforded by doors and posts is almost useless. We want the shade of living undergrowth, beneath which the chickens can creep and rest. Chickens, again, must be occupied. Those runs which are only a few yards square, and which daintily swept over every day to make them look tidy for visitors, are useless for chickens. Nothing can grow or keep healthy in these smooth, billiard-table-like runs. Chickens want to be occupied and must be kept busy. The runs must be dug up, and piles of the loose dirt thrown up one day or another, and the chickens will delight in levelling these. A capital way to keep chickens on the scratch is to throw their whole corn always down among loose dirt or a lump of straw. The sexes, too, must be separated in good time. Some breeds are more precocious than others, and so we can fix no reliable date for their separation; it must depend upon the breed and the breeder's experience. There is, however, another point which we think as important, namely, moving every little while the pullets of the larger breeds, where size is a desideratum, from yard to yard, for we are convinced that it retards maturity and laying at an early age and so greater size is produced.—*Journal of Horticulture.*

Ventilation of Stables.—The lungs of a horse are just like those of a man, except in size; they have precisely the same office to perform, in precisely the same way, and need the same conditions to perform it effectually. Such ventilation of the houses where men live as will secure a supply of reasonably pure air, is recognized as an essential condition of human health, and the forms of disease which are caused by the want of it are as well known, as are the means of securing the requisite supply of air and the methods of avoiding dangerous impurities. Everybody who has had occasion to go into a large city stable in winter, or in summer either, for that matter, must remember the pungent, stifling odor of ammonia, which, if his lungs were at all sensitive, "took away his breath" for a moment or two. Other foul smells from the rotting straw and filth, would also have forced themselves upon his attention if the pungency of the one first mentioned had not overpowered them. Such an atmosphere, in which most horses spend the greater part of their lives, cannot be conducive to a healthy condition of their organs of respiration, and certainly not promotive of recovery when disease has once attacked those organs.—*Mass. Spy.*

How to Conquer "Suckers."—A lady cultivator has at last solved this perplexing problem (at least so far as one species of "suckers" are concerned) and we give the account of her experiment as reported in the *Country Gentleman:* "It is now well known that pruning trees in winter or early in spring tends to promote vigorous growth, and that pruning in summer tends to retard it. Hence the great superiority of the practice of cutting down trees in summer if we wish to avoid the growth of suckers from the stump or roots. An intelligent lady, whose grounds we have often visited, has just been trying a few experiments. A number of common of locust trees were to be removed, and a part were cut off in the winter, and the rest during the summer season. The latter have sent up a few feeble suckers; the former at least *twenty times as many strong ones.* She has succeeded, however, in preventing entirely the growth of suckers, both at the stump and at a distance from it, by placing a large quantity of common salt on the stump as soon as the tree is cut. It has proved completely effectual. If delayed till the suckers have started, it does no good."

Hens Plucking Feathers.—Hens want salt. Give them twice a day in four parts of wheat bran to one of corn meal, by measure, a tablespoonful of salt in every eight quarts of this mixture, scalded and cooled. The hens are after the salt contained in the minute globule of blood at the end of the quill. Hens fed in this way, or occasionally furnished salt, will never pull feathers. The salt should be dissolved in hot water before mixing with the feed. This is a certain antidote.—*Country Gentleman.*

—An old New Englander once remarked to us when we advised him to pinch back his blackberry bushes, to keep them within bounds and make them bear better, "That's so! I can remember when I lived down at Dartmouth, that we always found the most blackberries on the bushes that the old cow had browsed down." We lately saw another example in a Western paper, where a farmer had set out a hundred apple trees in autumn, and was advised to cut off the roots in balance the necessary cutting of the roots in setting them up. But he declined. In the winter a cow broke in and cropped the tops of twenty-five or thirty, and the winter being severe, these and a few others, were the only trees which survived. The others had more top than they could carry, and whipping about in the wind, they did not grow. We would not, however, recommend the cow-pruning for general adoption.—*Ploughman.*

—The celebrated farmer, John Johnson of Geneva, N. Y., says he has used plaster every year since he came on his farm, now fifty-four years; and it has done wonders for him on corn, clover, and grass. The first he used was on corn, soaking the corn in water, then mixing it with plaster when wet. He planted the plastered corn, and a hired man planted the corn that was not plastered. When the corn was up, that which was plastered was stronger and better colored than the other. It kept ahead throughout the season, and when ripe a blind man could have told the difference by feeling the stalks and ears.— *Chicago Tribune*

—Millet is an excellent forage crop, and should be sown whenever there is a scarcity of other kinds. Of the German millet, a newly-introduced variety, rather astonishing stories are told by some of the papers, and in the South-west especially it seems to be much sought after. The ordinary millet and Hungarian grass are similar in their nature and cultivation. They ought to be sown on land rich or well manured and deeply plowed. About four pecks of seed is generally used to the acre, and it may be sown as soon as the ground is well warmed, or delayed until June or July.

—Wallace's *Monthly* says: "Hogs that will weigh 500 pounds are sold at less price per pound than those of 250 or 300 pounds. The market in England has long favored light weights. London is chiefly supplied with pigs of less than 200 pounds weight. And this tendency of the market to pigs, well fatted, but of small weight, is just what the farmer should encourage, for it is exactly in the line of his interest. It costs more to make the second hundred pounds of a pig than the first, and still more to make the third hundred pounds and so every pound added becomes more expensive."

SEA-ANEMONES AND THEIR MODE OF LIFE.

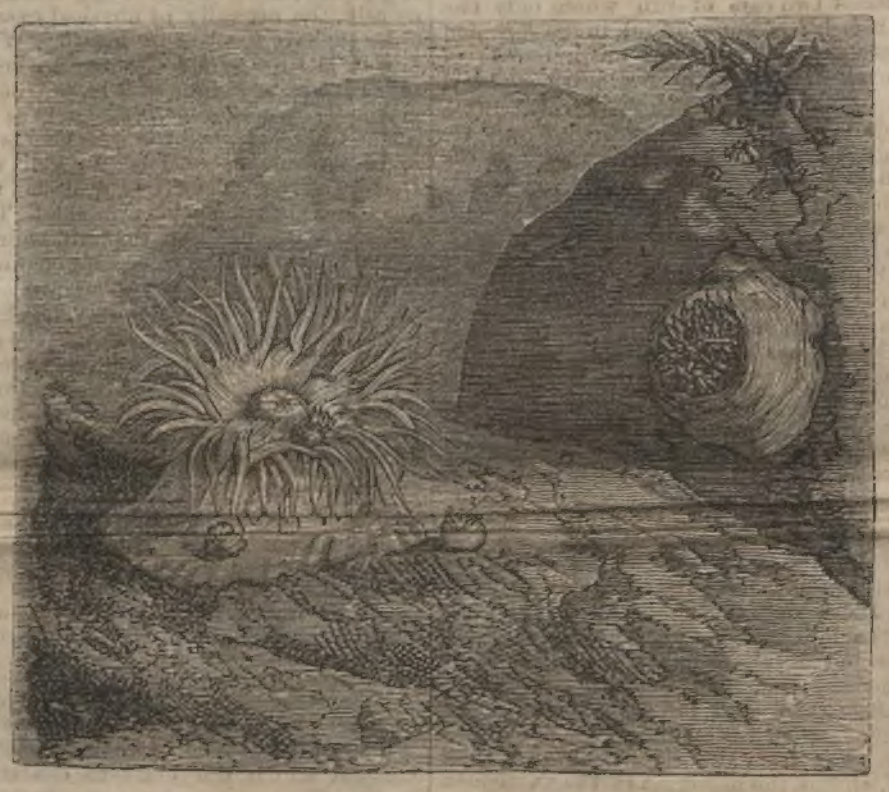
(CHAPTER II.—*Continued.*)

This circulation is maintained by means of numerous delicate vibratile filaments, lining the inner walls of the body, and named *cilia*. These, by their continual waving, keep up constant currents in the contained fluids. The stomach is connected, in the anemones, to the walls of the body by a series of flat partitions named "mesenteries;" and the presence of these latter, therefore, divides the interior of the body into a number of chambers, through which the fluids of the body duly circulate.

The anemones possess a peculiar armature, in the presence of numerous minute cells, imbedded in the tissues of the body. These cells each contain a little fluid, and a thread-like filament which lies coiled up in a spiral manner amidst the fluid. From the presence of the "thread" these bodies receive their name of "thread-cells." When they are touched or irritated in any way, the cell bursts, and the thread and fluid are thrown out; whilst if the thread comes in contract with any surface of delicate nature, it pierces the latter, and inflicts a wound into which the fluid is [illegible] undoubtedly constitute organs of offence, and are in fact a kind of stinging apparatus. The anemones may be handled freely, without any dread of these cells, the little darts or threads being of too delicate nature to pierce the human skin; although when the tentacle of the anemone is applied to some softer part, such as the mucous membrane of the lips, a slight tingling sensation may sometimes be felt. Larger and more powerful thread-cells, but of essentially similar structure to those of the sea-anemones, exist in the jelly-fishes, or *Medusidae*, and in allied beings—as many an unfortunate bather knows to his cost.

A curious feature in anemone existence is the power possessed by these forms of resisting mutilation and injury of almost indefinite extent. We may divide an anemone longitudinally, and instead of the operation proving fatal, we may find each half gradually to become a distinct animal. This process of multiplying after division reminds one somewhat of the result of Hercules' operations on the Hydra of old; and indeed there is a little creature, named the Hydra, which is nearly related to the sea-anemone, and which multiplies vigorously after being sliced and cut in various ways, as Trembley, of Geneva, showed during the last century.

In these days, when horse-flesh and other unwonted dainties are being utilized for food, it may be worth while for reformers in the matter of dietary to consider whether the sea-anemones might not with advantage be enrolled into the list of the *cuisine*. Ere now the anemones have been tried as articles of food, and various experimenters, such as the Abbé Dicquemare and Mr. Gosse, have borne testimony to their excellence. When dexterously cooked, anemones should have as good a chance of becoming popular articles of dietary as many of their marine neighbors; and probably it is a mere matter of



prejudice, rather than of expediency, which prevents their introduction into our bills of fare.

In aquaria, anemones many be seen to "walk," in leech-like fashion, by alternately fixing base and mouth. The writer has watched anemones moving on the glass to which they were attached, by simply expanding and contracting their fixed base; and one or two kinds are known to naturalists, which are not permanently rooted, and which appear simply to plant their base temporarily and loosely amidst sand or mud.

It may lastly be noted that the sea-anemones stand as the type of that large and important group of animals, the *coral-polypes*. However varied in form and different in aspect it may be, the coral-secreting animal is simply and essentially a sea-anemone which has the power of taking lime from the sea-water, and of fabricating from that lime a wondrous structure, which, when representing the united labors of countless polypes, serves to effect changes of great extent and magnitude on our earth.—*Cassell's Magazine.*

HOW DONALD SUCCEEDED.

A Scottish nobleman lived a very retired life, and left his affairs very much in the hands of others. Donald, one of his tenantry, rented a farm, upon which his forefathers had lived for about two hundred years. The lease which he held was on the point of expiring, and the steward refused to allow Donald a renewal, wishing to put the farm into the hands of a friend of his own. Poor Donald tried every argument in his power with the steward, but in vain; at length he bent his steps to the castle, determined to make his case known to his lordship. Here again he was repulsed; the porter had received orders from the steward, and refused him admittance.

Donald turned away almost in despair, and resolved upon a bold measure, as his only chance of success. He climbed the garden wall in an unfrequented part, and entered the house by a private door. At length he approached the private apartments of the nobleman. He heard a voice, and drawing near, found it was his lordship's, and that he was engaged in prayer. Retiring to a short distance, he waited till the prayer was concluded, and could not but hear his lordship pleading earnestly with the Virgin Mary and St. Francis, for their intercession in his behalf. At length his lordship ceased. Donald, who had stood trembling with anxiety for the result, now gently knocked at the door. "Come in," was his lordship's reply; and Donald entered. "Who are you, man? What do you want?" was the enquiry. Donald stated his case. The peer listened, was touched with the tale, and having heard something of Donald, assured him of his protection, and that his lease should be renewed. Many artless but earnest thanks followed, and he was departing, when a thought of anxiety for his noble master occurring to his mind, Donald returned, and spoke thus: "My lord, I was a bold man, and you forgave me, and have saved me and my poor family from ruin. Many blessings attend you! I would again be a bold man if I might, and say something further to your lordship." "Well, man, speak out." "Why, my lord, I was well-nigh a ruined man; so I was bold and came to your lordship's door, and as I stood there, I could not but hear your lordship praying to the Virgin Mary and St. Francis, and you seemed unhappy. Now, my lord, forgive me, but I cannot help thinking the Virgin Mary and St. Francis will do you no good, any more than your lordship's steward and porter did for me. I had been a ruined man if I had trusted to them, but I came direct to your lordship, and you heard me. Now, if your lordship would but leave the Virgin Mary and St. Francis, who will do no more for your lordship than your lordship's steward and porter would do for me, and just go direct to the Lord Jesus Himself, and pray to Him for what you need, He will hear you, for He has said, 'Come unto ME, all ye that labor and are heavy laden;' and again, 'Him that cometh to ME, I will in no wise cast out.' Will your lordship forgive me, and just try for yourself?"

It is said that his lordship was struck with this simple argument, and that he afterwards found what a poor penitent sinner, trusting in Jesus, will aways find,—pardon peace, and salvation.—*Friendly Visitor.*

—A little girl was trying to make her doll sit up straight at the table, but could not suceed. Finally she gave it a slap on the head, and exclaimed; "You sit up there, young lady, or not a single step shall you go with me to the Centennial.

THE EMPTY CRADLE.

John Holman and his young wife are in sad trouble. Their baby is dead. Their home is so sweet and pleasant a place that I am often there, and so when the great sorrow darkened their dwelling, they sent for me.

I always shrink when going to a home in trouble. I have a dread of entering where I know my heart will be wrung. Yet I never yield to the feeling, but go at once, as one goes out into the black night at the call of a friend in distress.

They met me at the door. John threw his arms around my neck, leant his head heavily on my shoulder, and sobbed like a child. I folded and caressed him. I know how manly a man John is, and he was more manly then in his sorrow than ever before. A less noble and sensitive soul would have thought of himself, and in his self-thought would have restrained his feelings; but, in the all confidence of his friendship, he took me to his heart and came more deeply than ever into mine.

John's wife met me calmly and wrung my hand without a word. The woman seemed stronger than the man. But her wan, pale face, her swollen eyelids, her half-neglected hair, and the look of intense sorrow that cried from her blue eyes, told the unmeasured grief that was in her heart.

They took me into their room and towards the cradle that was standing beside their bed.

They said nothing, but we went to the side of the cradle and stood there, they with their arms clasped round each other, I with mine over them both. It was very still, and seemed cold, though it was a summer's day without.

Then the mother very gently raised the sheet from the little face and laid it softly below the dimpled hands that rested beside one another on the breast. The blue eyes, sunken just a little, gave their tint to the lids that lay over them; the soft white forehead, the hair that was smoothed from it and lay in curls by its side on the pillow, the smile, half sad, half joyous, that lingered round the mouth, were all there. But our boy was gone.

We did not speak; we only stood and looked till the white form faded away in the midst of our tears. We did not attempt to go away. By-and-by the father and mother, nestling side by side to each other, were bending over the cradle, and gazing into the face of the dead with long, dreamy, wistful looks.

The deep silence must be broken, and, as I was the one who was standing on the outer edge of the sorrow, it was for me first to speak. Did you ever notice how the words of the Bible seem just what you want at such

a moment? They have an unearthliness about them, and seem midway between the human and the divine, so that while you use them they are not your words at all, only God's words which come from another place than this world. So the words of the Lord Jesus came up, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me." I softly repeated them, adding, "and he has gone to Jesus."

Then came deep sobs and the tears fell like rain-drops. "Yes," said John, "those were the words that came to us when we watched his ebbing life. He was breathing heavily, and the strange cloud was over his face, so that we knew that his end was near. It was nearly one o'clock in the day. The city was very still. We seemed to be hearing the Lord saying, 'Suffer little children to come unto Me.' 'And now he is going,' we whispered one to the other, as we sat alone with our boy. Just then the clock struck struck one. There was a long-drawn breath, and then all was still. Our darling was gone away. We knelt beside the cradle, and then and there gave thanks to God for the peaceful departure and the blessed hope that was in it. We told the Master how glad we had been over the gift of our boy—how we had given him from his first breath to God. How we prayed for grace and help to bear this our first and deepest sorrow! It is very deep. A little while ago, I came in the door from the street, and as I saw the long white ribbon with the black that bound it, my heart in its agony called his name, till it broke with disappointment because it got no answer. But it is well, we know that it is well, with the child."

So John talked, and I did not interrupt him. We lingered there beside the cradle, and spoke of the nearness of heaven and its reality, more real and near than ever before to them. We spoke of Christ's love for little children, and how He is the same unforgetful Saviour that He was when He was on earth, and how safe the boy was with Him. We talked till it seemed as if the little form before us had grown angelic. We seemed to forget almost that it was there at all, since the boy was so safe and happy with Christ our Lord.

We spoke of God's wisdom and goodness. We did not attempt to explain the bereavement,—the explanation lay too far out of our sight; we did not attempt to picture to ourselves any possible sorrow or trouble in our boy's life, or say that, had he lived, he might have gone astray. We only tried to grasp the hand of the Heavenly Father in the dark, and to say, He knows all. He loves us, and He has done it. It must be, and it is well.

We did not sit down. We lingered by the cradle till God and heaven seemed very near. Then at last I folded back the sheet—it seemed better for me to do it—over the little hands and face, and we went away, not all sorrowful, but with a sort of gladness in our hearts.

For long after the funeral the empty cradle was kept undisturbed. John and his wife regarded it as the most precious thing in the house. As they looked on it they often wept, and were reminded of the "better land" whither their dear babe had gone.—*Selected.*

—John Locke.—To a person who asked this profound thinker which was the shortest and surest way for a man to attain to the true knowledge of the Christian religion, in the full and just extent of it, he replied: "Let him study the Holy Scriptures, especially the New Testament; therein are contained the words of eternal life. It has God for its author, salvation for its object, and truth without any admixture of error for its matter; nothing too much, nothing wanting."

The Family Circle.

MISCHIEF.

"Unlock the bath-room door, baby,
And let your mamma in;
What is the water running for,
And making such a din?"

"Baby wants mamma go 'way—
She can't get in 'e door—
Fo' baby's sailing 'ittle boats
In rivers on 'e floor;

"But pretty soon I let 'oo in;
An' mamma mustn't c'y—
For baby's took his new blue dress
An' wiped 'e floor all dry!"

"The baby's soaked from top to toe!
The parlor ceiling's wet!
Does this earth hold one single spot
Where that child cannot get?"

—*Watchman.*

THE NEGRO INSURRECTION AT COTTONVILLE.

BY WALLACE PUTNAM REED.

Cottonville is a notable place.

There are not many houses in the village, and people are even scarcer than the houses; but then the *society*—you understand.

I got off the train at Cottonville, one afternoon, feeling assured that in this quiet little place my week's vacation could not be other than a period of perfect rest. I knew nobody. I had no business to look after. There was nothing to do but lounge about, read, and smoke. A dream of delightful idleness filled my mind as I followed the gigantic black porter to the solitary hotel, within a stone's throw of the depot.

A pleasant room was assigned me, and after a tolerable supper, I sauntered out upon the broad piazza. A group of gentlemen were there before me, and their interested manner and whispered conversation led me to suppose that they were discussing some matter of the gravest importance. I had no desire to disturb the deliberations of these village statesmen, and was turning away, when my landlord approached, and in a strangely nervous manner introduced me to the respective members of the group. Before the introduction had made me acquainted with some of the titled nabobs of the town, I complacently settled down for a few moments of what I hoped would prove agreeable and perhaps profitable conversation. Certainly, something worth hearing might be expected from the lips of such men as Judge Miggs, Squire Smith, General Boombs, Colonel Jones and Major Bangs. For a moment my new friends regarded me in solemn silence. To put them at their ease, I threw out a brilliant remark about the weather.

"Ahem!" commenced Judge Miggs. "Is this your first visit to Cottonville?"

I replied in the affirmative, and expressed myself as being well pleased with the glimpse I had had of the place.

"Relations here?" asked Judge Miggs.

"None at all," was my answer.

"Ah! You have friends living here then?"

"No, sir," I replied. "I know nobody here, and only came to spend a few idle days."

A dead silence fell upon the crowd, and I instinctively felt that something unpleasant was about to occur.

"Do you live in this state?" queried the Judge.

"I don't think I look much like a dead man," was my jocular but evasive reply. A spirit of mischief had now taken possession of me, and I was determined to baffle the curiosity of these impertinent village gossips. I rose from my chair and walked to the other end of the piazza. A whispered confab ensued between my inquisitors, and enough of it came to my ears to excite some amusement and not a little indignation.

The Judge and the General appeared to be the most important personages in the crowd, and I could hear their loud, hoarse whispers very distinctly.

"You didn't get much out of him, Judge."

"No. He's a sly fellow, General, and will bear watching. An honest citizen would not have been so reticent."

"The dickens!" I muttered to myself. "Do these men take me for a horse-thief?"

"The best way to deal with such chaps," said General Booms, "is to hang 'em first and try 'em afterward."

This atrocious sentiment seemed to meet with general approval; but it made my blood curdle. To my relief Judge Miggs dissented.

"The case looks bad," he said; "but always give a man a fair trial, gentlemen."

"That may do as a general rule," said old Booms; "but when these carpet-baggers sneak into our bosoms, and viper-like, incite the Niggers to rise up and murder us in our beds, it is time to act quickly."

A cold perspiration stood upon my brow. These stupid old fogies, then, took me for an emissary sent to stir up an insurrection among the Negroes. They were alarmed by the silly rumors then in circulation, and apprehended trouble in the peaceful hamlet of Cottonville.

I was indignant, and yet alarmed. A stranger caught under such circumstances, without credentials, was in an ugly fix. True, I could telegraph to the city I came from; but in the excitement of the hour I might be denied even that privilege. Mobs never stop to reason. However, I resolved to face it out boldly, and walking up to my judges, I resumed my chair.

General Booms and Judge Miggs arose simultaneously.

"If agreeable," said the Judge, "the General and myself would like to see you privately for a few moments."

"Certainly," I replied. "Will you walk up to my room?"

The invitation was promptly accepted, and ascending to my chamber, we were soon engaged in a highly interesting conversation.

"I think I am justified," said the Judge, seating himself with a judicial air, "in saying to you, sir, that circumstances combine to place you in a very unpleasant position."

"Proceed," said I.

"The citizens of Cottonville, sir, are inclined to regard you as—as er—a suspicious character. We anticipate serious complications with our colored population, and your strange conduct—your reticence and so on—lead us to believe that your business here is of an unlawful character. Have you any explanation to make, sir?"

As I didn't know exactly what ought to be said, I contented myself with the mild remark that the citizens of Cottonville were a set of unmitigated idiots.

"You hear that, General Booms!" said Judge Miggs, excitedly. "You see our suspicions are completely confirmed!"

"Hold on!" I cried. "If you think that I am going to tamely submit to insult and indignity from a committee of jackasses, you are very much mistaken. You will find my name on the hotel register. If you suspect me, telegraph to Governor ——. He will inform you of my standing as a citizen. But if you attempt any tricks I shall defend myself. You see I am prepared," and I drew a six-shooter.

"He's trying the bluff game," said General Booms.

But the sight of my weapon had a good effect.

"It is possible," remarked the Judge, "that we are too hasty; but in times like these we cannot be too cautious."

"And vigilant," suggested old Booms.

"And vigilant," added Miggs. "But I am willing to give you a chance. The Niggers are to hold a secret meeting to-night, in an old cabin about a mile from here, and some of us are going out to arrest them. Will you join us?"

I hesitated. It was possible that some foul play was intended; but I felt an absorbing curiosity as to the truth of the insurrection rumor, and the expedition smacked of adventure.

"Enough said," I replied. "I will accompany your party with pleasure."

"Then it's time to move," said the General, marching out of the room. I followed, with the Judge acting as a sort of rear-guard, and, descending to the piazza, we found some thirty men assembled, all armed with shot-guns and pistols. They seemed a little surprised at my appearance; but a few words from my two companions reconciled them to the situation, and our little army was soon on its way to the "front."

There was very little talking on the march. The Cottonvillians were in dead earnest. They were honestly convinced that their colored neighbors were plotting an insurrection and the worst evils were anticipated. I could see that the men watched me closely; but when I thought of the conviction under which they were laboring, my indignation vanished, and I felt that I was truly one of them.

The old cabin which was supposed to be the rendezvous of the conspirators stood in an open field, some distance from the road. As we cautiously approached, we could hear loud voices inside, and occasionally a round of applause. My companions halted a moment to listen. General Booms ordered several men to station themselves at the doors and windows, and requested me to remain by his side.

"Just as I thought," he muttered. "They are making their incendiary speeches in there, and if we listen awhile we can learn their plans."

We secured an eligible position for eavesdropping and opened our ears.

Somebody in the cabin was evidently making a speech. And it was a pretty good speech, too. We were in time to hear the following fragment:—

"There is no longer any room for hope!" roared the orator. "If we wish to be free, if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, we must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left us!"

"My gracious!" whispered Judge Miggs. "Did you hear what that fellow said about fighting?"

The black orator continued: "They tell us, sir, that we are weak; unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week or the next year?"

"Those rascals mean business," growled General Booms.

"Oh!" groaned the Judge. "They say they won't even wait till next week."

I didn't say a word; but it was all I could do to hold my tongue.

The unconscious Negro proceeded with his speech. The sonorous words rang out on the night air, and barring the African dialect, it was a fine specimen of declamation. But my companions did not enjoy it, and it was with difficulty that they were restrained from firing a volley into the cabin. Judge Miggs suggested an immediate attack and General Booms agreed with him. At this juncture I interposed.

"Gentlemen," said I, "you have treated me rather shabbily in this affair; but I cannot stand by and see men of my own race and party make fools of themselves, and perhaps commit a great crime, without interposing."

"Shoot him!" whispered one of the men.

"Just wait a moment, my friends," I continued. "What will you say when I tell you that this is only a harmless debating society, and that the Negro speaking in there is declaiming Patrick Henry's famous 'Liberty or Death' speech?"

"I believe I have learn that speech before," said Judge Miggs, scratching his head; "but I don't like the looks of things just now."

There was a round of applause in the cabin; and then another speaker took the floor.

"The boy stood on the burning deck," began the second declaimer. A general titter ran around our party, and the Judge and the General looked dumbfounded. As soon as the recitation was concluded the president of the meeting spoke out:

"The question for our next meeting will be: 'Resolved, that the planting of cotton should be discouraged.' The exercise in declamation will be 'Spartacus to the Gladiators.' And I suggest that our executive committee see the authorities about securing the town hall for a public debate."

This last sentence threw a wet blanket over the whole party.

"Let's go home!" said General Booms. "We are the biggest set of fools this side of the Potomac."

The guards were called off, and as we retraced our steps I smiled serenely and lit a fresh cigar. By the time we reached the hotel the last man had disappeared, with the exception of the Judge and the General. These clever old noodles came to time in tolerable good order.

"We must ask your pardon, sir," said the General, as I mounted the piazza. "We have treated you with great rudeness; but it was unintentional. We regret it very much. The fact is, this Nigger business scared us out of our wits. I hope, sir, that you will overlook our little mistake."

"Certainly," I replied, with a laugh. "I understand it all now, and I congratulate you upon the pleasant discovery made to-night."

"With your permission," said Judge Miggs, "we will call in the morning and show you the town."

They did call the next morning, and the next, and every morning during my stay in Cottonville; and the upshot of it all was that I spent a delightful week. The people of Cottonville afterward laughed at the idea of an "insurrection among the Niggers," and the colored debating club has flourished finely.—*N.Y. Independent.*

"MUST."

Everybody has to be eccentric somehow. It takes many a queer twist before the infinite variety of human character and circumstance can be reduced to a similarity almost as striking as that in a packet of pins. It was a humorous and suggestive illustration of this that a book, lately written to advise ladies of limited income how to look like their richer neighbors, hinted that in order to secure the conventional number of silk dresses and parasols, they might even wear colored underlinen!

It is often said that when poverty approaches as "an armed man," the first retrenchment is made on the table, the last in the wardrobe. This ought not to be. Is not "the body more than raiment?" Put the boy into corduroys instead of broad-cloth, but spare him a good dinner, and so give him a chance of getting his own broad-cloth when his turn comes, instead of wearing out yours till it drops in rags about him in some casual ward. Any linen shirts and beaver hats you can buy will soon be translated to some other sphere of matter quite beyond his use, while muscle and nerve will remain. There is nothing sadder than the study of the children of shabby-genteel families. They retain the well-moulded features and lithe forms of "good blood," long after the departure of the hot energy or cool, staying power which really constituted it. To borrow a phrase from the stable, "they are good ones to look at, but bad ones to go." They are our social slaves—the drug of our laber-market, and capital shrewdly knows that it can extort any terms from them, while it does not insist on fustian jackets or white caps and aprons.

There may be table-retrenchments for which nobody needs pity. If the children get porridge instead of tea, rosy apples instead of jellies, they may bless the poverty that suggested the change. It is the poorer tea and the thinner bread and butter which is to be deprecated. Even the moderate cost of the carefully-hoarded black silk dress, which deceives nobody, if put into the bread account, would relieve all tightness in that quarter for the whole period that it would wear.

Let a widowed mother make her Sabbath-best of serge, and boldly teach her lads the virtues of holland and corduroy, that she may grudge no quantity of wholesome food, no cost of merry holiday, and she may live to display the rich gifts from her eldest, and to boast that her youngest, though he does not make money, has learned to live so simply that he can easily afford to give his life to the art or science of his ambition, and so to write the name she gave him on the best page of his country's history.

To wish to be like other people is as futile as it is fatal. We cannot be like anybody but ourselves. The more conventional we are, the more we resemble the jay which borrowed a feather from every other bird. We do not succeed in our attempted resemblance, we only spoil our own appearance and our own capacities. Nobody admires such.

Our use of the word "must" should be greatly in our minds when we confess that we do those things which we ought not to do, and leave undone these things which we should do. We neglect duties that should be done at any cost of will-power; we helplessly accept as duties actions which, done as such, lose all their value. How many "cannot" dismiss a servant, and open their own hall-door or dust their own shoes, even though their annual expenditure is regularly in excess of their annual income! Yet they "must" pay calls on people whom they do not like, and they "must" go to parties where two or three hours of black-hole atmosphere and ten minutes' gobble at unwholesome food leave them with a week's indigestion and bad temper. Or on higher levels it may be that we "cannot" keep a certain commandment, but we "must" believe a certain creed. We cannot serve some fellow-creature, but we must love him! It is simply a double lie, as transparent as if one should say he cannot cross a gutter, but can easily jump over the moon.

From some people's talk one might infer that public opinion was a solid body of resistless force, or at least a policeman with a truncheon. "One cannot go to two parties in the same dress," said a lady. "What prevents you?" asked her companion. "Simply do it."

What is public opinion? The aggregate of many persons' opinions, mostly founded on their own ways. Do you acknowledge even to yourself that their ways and their opinions are better than yours? You think Mrs. S. a feather-brained creature, in fact a fool, and yet you feel it a terrible judgment if you can imagine that she is making derogatory remarks on the length of your skirt, or even the amount of beef you order from your butcher.

When you shrink from handing the dishes at your own table, or from the growing necessity that your daughters should do something for their own livelihood, whose image looms terribly before you? Is it that of the great man whose rare visits fill your house with spiritual light and warmth? Or that of the good woman whose life you know goes up as daily incense before God? Or that of the dear friend who knows all about you, even about the skeleton in your cupboard, and whose life has so penetrated your life, that you cannot realize how it was when you did not know him? No, it is that of the De Vescis opposite—about whom you delight to tell the naughty anecdote that they have a malicious cousin who subscribes his letters to Gentility Square, with the plain name of "Mr. Vesey." Or that of the Wildes, over whom there always hangs such a cloud of mystery, so that nobody has ever heard how he made his money, or what was her maiden name. Or lastly and chiefly, it is that of Lady Pompon, who twice a year kindly renews the card that you keep on the top of your card-basket, and who, could you only know it, goes to her next evening

service with a happy consciousness of "acts of humility."

We should all have a "proper regard" for public opinion. Only what public opinion? Our most conventional acquaintance seeks the favorable verdict of Pluto Place, not of Black Slum. Let us think of the quality of the approval we gain rather than of its quantity. Let us dare to do what should be done, and the best will either approve us at once, or presently thank us for teaching them a new lesson. People's moral tastes, like their artistic, want educating. The greater a man is, the fewer within earshot will praise him. Condemnation is the only title of honor that some people can bestow.—*Isabelle Fyvie Mayo, in Good Words.*

MR. GLADSTONE ON SELF-HELP.

While the Earl of Beaconsfield is being lionized at noblemen's sets, where the wealthy assemble to congratulate him on his newly-acquired honors, Mr. Gladstone is enjoying the quiet home-life of Hawarden, and making common cause with the humble inhabitants for the public weal. One day we find him in his happiest mood receiving a party of excursionists, to whom he makes a joke out of his tree-felling propensities by comparing the Liberals to woodmen who cut down what is rotten, thereby making room for the sound and letting in air and light. His presence at a bazaar, held in the picturesque ruins of Old Hawarden Castle, on another occasion gave impetus to an unpretending effort. But it was in connection with the annual flower-show that the ex-Premier almost excelled himself. Mrs. Gladstone had distributed the prizes to the amateur competitors, and it was in response to a vote of thanks that Mr. Gladstone offered a few remarks on his wife's behalf. The flower-show, he said, is the most wholesome and salutary of village institutions, because it teaches the people to help themselves. Man is not a passive and mechanical being. He is not trained as a plant. He is a moral agent, and if any good is to be done with man, woman, or child, it must be done by teaching and encouraging them to help themselves. The independence and self-exertion which such village institutions stimulated was good for health. Though a garden is not a very large thing in the life of a cottager, he argued that it was a very considerable element of independence, as well as of comfort, pleasure, and satisfaction, and he hoped many would live to see the day when there would be no such thing in England as a cottage without a garden. Having thus impressed upon the villagers the need of independence and thrift, Mr. Gladstone proceeded: "But let me tell you one word more, something more grave than serious, but I hope not sorrowful. When you cultivate the plant that grows from the ground you cannot help thinking a little who He is that makes that plant to grow. When I say you should help yourselves—and I would encourage every man in every rank of life to rely upon self-help more than on assistance to be got from his neighbors—there is One who helps us all, and without whose help every effort of ours is vain; and there is nothing that should tend more, and nothing that does in the well-constituted mind tend more, to make us see the beneficence of God Almighty than to observe the beauty as well as the usefulness of those flowers, those plants, and those fruits which He causes the earth to bring forth for our comfort and advantage."—*Christian World.*

I CAN'T HELP IT.

That was what Harry Day always said when he was told of any of his bad habits: "I can't help it;" which really meant, "I don't *wish* to help it;" because we know well enough that we can every one of us "help" doing wrong if we try in the right way.

Once Harry came upon an old story in a worn, soiled book which he routed out of a chest in the lumber-closet, and this story set him thinking, as it may, perhaps, set some other young folks thinking about the reason why it is necessary to resist what is bad in its earliest beginning.

"Long ago there lived an old hermit who had left the busy world for a cell in the desert, and who was reputed to be learned and wise.

"Many people used to visit the lonely man that they might receive his advice, and once a youth came to him who begged to stay with him for a time as his pupil.

"The hermit consented, and the first day he led his young companion into a small wood near to their humble dwelling. Looking round, he pointed to a very young oak tree just shooting from the ground.

"'Pull up that sapling from the root,' said he to his pupil, who obeyed without any difficulty. They went on a little farther, and the old man pointed to another tree, but also a young one, whose roots struck deeper. This was not so easy to pull up as the first had been; but with several efforts it was accomplished.

"The third had grown quite tall and strong, so that the youth was a long time before he could tear it up; but when his master pointed to a fourth, which was still larger and stronger, he found that, try as he might, it was impossible to move it.

"'Now, remember and take heed to what you have seen,' said the hermit. 'The bad habits and passions of men are just like these trees of the wood. When young and tender they may be easily overcome, but let them once gain firm root in your soul, and no human strength is sufficient to get rid of them. Watch over your heart, and do not wait till your faults and passions have grown strong before you try to uproot them.'"

That was the end of the story; but, as I have said, it set Harry Day thinking, and when "I can't help it" was rising to his lips he was ashamed to utter it. So he set himself to the work of mastering his temper, his idleness, and all that conscience told him was amiss. Though this is a work that is not done in an hour or a day, or even a year, it will be effected at last (perhaps after many failures) by prayer and by perseverance; nay, it must be done unless we wish to become the servants and the slaves of sin.—*N. Y. Observer.*

ALL IN ALL.

Christians too seldom experience the fulness of blessing to which they are called. While the world is vainly seeking satisfaction at a thousand impure streams, the child of God, catching something of the spirit of an evil age, too often forgets that there flows for him sweet waters from a living fountain, waters which alone can quench his thirst and bring refreshment to his weary soul.

A languid faith in a far-off Saviour, and a faltering hope of future salvation, are not enough. We need an in-dwelling Christ; we need a present salvation; and not until the Christian learns to look to Jesus only for joy, and rest, and peace, can he ever know how much, even in this life, is revealed of what God hath prepared for them that love Him.

Dr. Payson, in his dying hour, said he could have saved himself much trouble in life if he had only believed that the Saviour's presence was enough to fill him with joy, if all the worldly comforts were taken away. He found it so in sickness, but could not quite believe it in health. A poor, simple man, with none of Payson's imagination or fancy, once said in a similar spirit with his dying words: "I have lost all my property; I have lost all my relatives; my last son is dead; I have lost my hearing and my eyesight; I am all alone, old and poor, but it makes no difference—Christ never grows old; Christ never is poor; Christ never dies, and Christ will never forsake me."

A greater than these has said, "What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ. Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss, for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, my Lord: for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung, that I may win Christ." (Phil. iii. 7-8).

Having Him, we have sufficient. Knowing His love, we are satisfied. Resting in Him, naught can disturb. Receiving of His fulness, we can never want. We have only to look forward to the time when "we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is."—*American Christian.*

READING FOR KNOWLEDGE.

Reading for knowledge is different from reading for entertainment. When reading for entertainment, you are not obliged to be particular or accurate; but in reading biographical or historical books, or books of science, there is nothing more necessary than accuracy, as far as you go. I would say to every young person, Read with your pencil. Never pass a word, or an allusion, or the name of a person that you do not understand, without marking it down for enquiry. Then go to your dictionary for the definition or explanation. Generally go when you are reading. Go to your encyclopedia, if you have one at hand, for information respecting historical or biographical allusions. Never read about any country without having the map of that country before you; and if any great event turns on some geographical feature, on some range of mountains, or on the flow of some river, before going on with your reading see what it is. This kind of study will fix things in your mind as no formal methods of the schools ever will.

Remember, too, that in reading for knowledge it is to the last degree desirable that you should so store up what you read that you shall never be obliged to read it the second time. Dr. Macaulay of New York advised me (I have always been sorry that I did not take his advice, and you will be sorry if you do not take mine) to form the habit of reading down a page, and then reciting to myself the substance of all that was on that page. He said that at first he could not do it, but that he went back and read the page again, and then he could give about half; and that after reading it once more he could tell the whole that the page contained; and then he went on. He said that it was slow in the beginning, but grew less and less so, and the result was that whatever he read he retained in his memory, and knew accurately. To be particular about the accuracy of your facts, of your dates, of your names of persons and places and of events, is a habit which is gained very easily if you begin in some such way as this, but which will grow difficult if you put it off till a later day.—*Beecher.*

TRANSCENDENTALISM DEFINED.

Transcendental is a long word, and those who use it it most can't give any very precise definition of it. Twenty-five years ago it came into great vogue under the lead of a great thinker, now famous (Mr. Emerson), and got into the language of young women and of young students, and the clergymen talked about it; but still the question was, what transcendental meant. Well, on one of the Mississippi River steamboats, when a party of eminent divines were returning from a general convention of the Presbyterian Church, they were in high discussion about orthodoxy and the old faith and transcendentalism; and a layman who enjoyed their conversation—one of the lay delegates, returning with them—still felt a little puzzled about what transcendental and transcendentalism meant. So he ventured to ask the divine in whom he had the greatest confidence:

"I hear you use this word transcendental and transcendentalism. Now what does it mean?"

"Well," said the doctor of divinity, "that is a question that is more easily asked than answered." They were passing by a bluff on the river. Said he: "Do you see that bluff on the side here of the river?"

"Yes."

"Do you see how pierced it is with swallows' holes?"

"Yes, I see that."

"Well, now," says he, "you take away all that bluff, and leave nothing but the swallows' holes, and that is transcendentalism."—*N. Y. Independent.*

[illegible] story of canine sagacity: "When the dog wishes to cross a river where alligators abound, he goes up the stream a great way and barks with all his might; the alligators go there and wait for him getting in to swim across. The dog knows what he is about; when he sees by the number of snouts above water that his enemies have all gathered to the feast, he runs down the bank as fast as he can, and swims across before the alligators are aware of the trick that has been played upon them."

—To maintain a healthful missionary spirit in a Sunday-school is very important. But it cannot be maintained for nothing. Somebody must seek information concerning missions, and this must be carefully digested and wisely presented to the pupils. Interest in mission work will soon make them intelligent concerning it and active for it; and the children of to-day will be the adults of to-merrow. If well trained now, they will do splendid work hereafter.

He that oppresseth the poor reproacheth his Maker.

PROV. 14: 31.

SCHOLAR'S NOTES.

(From the International Lessons for 1876 by Edwin W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday-School Union.)

CONNECTED HISTORY.—The persecution which sent Philip to Samaria to preach Christ, sent Saul to Damascus to arrest Christians. On his way he is arrested by a great light from heaven and the command of Jesus; he enters the city blind, but confessing Christ.

LESSON VI.

NOVEMBER 5.]

SAUL'S CONVERSION. [About 36 A. D.]

READ ACTS IX. 1-18. RECITE VS. 3-7.

GOLDEN TEXT.—A new heart also will I give you.—Ezk. xxxvi.: 26.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—"Jesus is mighty to save."

DAILY READINGS.—*M.*—Acts ix. 1-18. *T.*—Acts xxvi. 9-23. *W.*—Matt. xxv. 31-46. *Th.*—Acts xxii. 3-21. *F.*—Eph. iii. 1-12. *Sa.*—2 Cor. xi. 16-33. *S.*—Acts xx 17-38.

NOTES.—*Saul*, born at Tarsus, of the tribe of Benjamin, about six years after Jesus; a Pharisee; educated at Jerusalem under Gamaliel, the noted rabbi of that age; taught the trade of a tent-maker; consented to Stephen's death; active in persecuting Christians; miraculously converted to Christ, and becomes the apostle Paul.—*Damascus* (ancient), a noted and beautiful city of Syria and counted the oldest in the world; Abraham's steward was from it (Gen. xv. 2); the city was conquered by David (2 Sam. viii. 5, 6); was taken by the king of Assyria (2 Kings xvi. 9); by the Chaldeans after the destruction of Jerusalem; ruled successively by the Persians, Greeks and Romans; the place of Paul's first preaching; is still a great city of 140,000 people, and under the Turkish rule.—*Ananias*, a devout disciple of Damascus. Tradition says he was afterward bishop of Damascus, and died a martyr.—*Tarsus*, a large city on the river Cydnus, and the capital of the province of Cilicia in Asia Minor. It was made a free Roman city by Mark Antony, but this did not confer Roman citizenship upon its people; Paul became a citizen in some other way. The city now has about 20,000 inhabitants, and is called *Tersous.*

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS.

Lesson Topics.—(I.) SAUL FIERCELY PERSECUTING. (II.) SAUL ARRESTED. (III.) SAUL INSTRUCTED.

I. SAUL FIERCELY PERSECUTING. (1.) **yet**, as at Stephen's death (Acts viii. 1); **breathing**, living in an atmosphere of rage and murder.—(*Alexander.*) (2.) **letters**, an official order; **Damascus** (see Notes); **synagogues**, Jewish churches or places of worship; **this way**, the new way, followers of Jesus.

I. **Questions.**—How did Saul feel toward Christians? What shows the fierceness of his feeling? Of whom did he ask authority to persecute the disciples? In what city? Where were they to be brought for punishment?

II. SAUL ARRESTED. (3.) **as he journeyed**, or "in the journeying;" **shined**, or "flashed." (4.) **fell**, blinded and overpowered as one would be by a flash of lightning. (5.) **Lord**, not "Sir," but the Lord (see v. 1); **kick**, as an ox kicks against the goads or pointed sticks of its driver, only to hurt itself more. (6.) **Lord, what**, Saul humble and ready to do Christ's will now; **the city**, Damascus; **told thee**, the honest enquirer directed where to learn his duty. (7.) **speechless**, they were fixed and awed; heard the voice, but did no understand what was said (Acts xxii. 9); **seeing no man**, Saul probably saw Jesus. See vs. 17, 27; 1 Cor. xv. 8 (8.) **saw no man**, for he was blind. (9.) **eat nor drink**, he fasted three days and prayed. v. 11.

II. **Questions.**—What came from heaven to Saul on his way to Damascus? How far was he on his journey? What effect did the light have on him? What did he hear? How reply to the voice? State the answer to His second question. The answer. How was Saul led into the city? Why? How did he spend the next three days?

III. SAUL INSTRUCTED. (10.) **Ananias** (see Notes); **vision** (see Matt. ii. 12, 13); **Straight**, this street extends now from east to west about three miles through Damascus; **prayeth**, showing that he was ready to receive instruction from Ananias. (12.) **vision**, as the Lord spoke to Ananias. (13.) **how much evil**, Moses also excused himself (Ex. iii. 11); Saul a persecutor blind; it is well! So Ananias would think. (14.) **to bind**, Saul's plan was known in Damascus before he came. (15.) **Go**, the Lord commands: **for**, but gives a good reason. (17.) **went**, Ananias goes now with joy; **Brother Saul**, or "Saul, my brother," the persecutor accepted as a disciple and a brother. (18.) **as it . . . scales**, something like scales or flakes; **baptized**, he confessed Christ openly.

III. **Questions.**—Who appeared to Ananias? How? Why? State the command given to Ananias. The two excuses he made. How were they answered? State how the command was obeyed. The effect on Saul's eyes. How he confessed Christ?

Which verses of this lesson teach us—

(1.) The folly of opposing Christ?

(2.) The power of Jesus over his enemies?

(2.) That the most violent unbeliever may be converted?

(4.) That we should receive every true convert as a brother?

CONNECTED HISTORY.—Saul at once begins his new life's work of preaching Christ.

LESSON VII.

NOVEMBER 12.]

SAUL'S EARLY MINISTRY. [About 37-39 A. D.]

READ ACTS IX. 19-30. RECITE VS. 20-23.

GOLDEN TEXT.—He which persecuted us in times past, now preacheth the faith which once he destroyed.—Gal. i.: 23.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—"Saints believe, and therefore speak."

DAILY READINGS.—*M.*—Acts ix. 19-30. *T.*—Acts xiii. 13-43. *W.*—Acts xvii. 22-34. *Th.*—Acts xxvi. 1-32. *F.*—Psa. xl. 1-17. *Sa.*—Col. ii. 1-23. *S.*—2 Cor. viii. 1-24.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—Saul at once began to preach Jesus and grow in strength; so young Christians ought to confess and work for Christ, and they will be stronger and happier for it.

NOTES.—*Barnabas*, a name given by the apostles to Joses, a Levite of Cyprus, Acts iv. 36. He is said to have been a fellow-student of Saul under Gamaliel; commended Saul to the disciples (Acts ix. 27); was sent to Antioch; went with Paul on a missionary tour through Asia Minor; returned to Jerusalem to the council (Acts xv. 2); had a sharp contention with Paul at Antioch; separated from him and went to Cyprus. There is a

letter bearing his name, but it is not believed that he wrote it.

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS.

Lesson Topics.—(I.) SAUL'S WORK IN DAMASCUS (II.) SAUL IN JERUSALEM.

I. SAUL'S WORK IN DAMASCUS. (19.) **meat**, food, he had fasted three days; **certain days**, how long is not said, some think three years, but this is hardly probable. See v. 20. (20.) **straightway**, at once; **synagogues**, so Christ preached in Jewish places of worship. (21.) **amazed**, to see the persecutor turned preacher. (22.) **the more**, still more. (23.) **to kill him**, slay their former friend; they cannot answer him, so they will slay him. (24.) **watched the gates**, the city was surrounded by a wall; all went in and out at the gates. (25.) **by the wall** (see picture), or "through the wall"—that is, out of a window of a house on the wall.—*Alexander.*

I. **Questions.**—With whom did Saul now remain at Damascus? What did he at once do? What did he say of Christ? What effect did his preaching produce? Why were they amazed? With whom did Saul hold his discussion? What did he prove to them? What plan did the Jews form against Saul? How did they try to take him? How did he escape?

II. SAUL AT JERUSALEM. (26.) **assayed**, tried, offered; **afraid**, counting him as a hypocrite, and perhaps a spy. (27.) **Barnabas.** (see Notes); **declared**, told the story of his conversion and work in Damascus. (29.) **spake boldly**, freely; **Grecians**, Jews who were also Greeks (Acts vi. 1); **they**, the unbelieving Jews. (30.) **knew**, when they discovered this (*Alexander*); **Cæsarea**, not Cæsarea Philippi, at the head of the Jordan, but a seaport-town; **to Tarsus**—that is, sent him there by ship from Cæsarea.

II. **Questions.**—Whither did Saul go from Damascus? How was he received at Jerusalem? Why were the disciples afraid of him? Who received him first? How did he persuade the others to receive Saul? To whom did Saul preach at Jerusalem? What plot was formed against him there? Who found it out? Whither did they send him? How did he reach his native place?

Which verses in this lesson teach us—

(1.) That we should use our knowledge in telling others of Jesus?

(2.) That it is right to escape secretly from wicked men?

(3.) That we should accept all whom Christ has accepted as disciples?

Illustrations.—*Change in conversion.* "If God should speak to Niagara and bid its floods in their tremendous leap suddenly stand still, that were a trifling demonstration of power compared with the staying a desperate human will. If he should suddenly speak to the broad Atlantic and bid it be wrapped in flames, we should not so much tremble as when he commands the human heart and makes it submissive to his will."—*Spurgeon.*

A persecutor converted. A Mr. Bradbury possessed an ardent zeal in the cause of civil and religious liberty, and had many admirers. This exposed him to the hatred of the popish faction. They are said to have employed a person to take away his life. To make himself fully acquainted with Mr. Bradbury's person, this man frequently attended at places of worship where Mr. B. preached, and placed himself in front of the gallery with his eyes steadfastly fixed on the preacher. It was scarcely possible to avoid listening to what the preacher said. Mr. Bradbury's forcible way of presenting truth awakened the man's attention; the truth entered his understanding, and became the means of changing his heart. With trembling and confusion he came to the preacher, told his history, gave evidence of conversion, became a member of Mr. Bradbury's church, and was to his death faithful to the gospel he professed.—*Biblical Museum.*

WALL AT DAMASCUS.

The blessing of the Lord it maketh rich, and he addeth no sorrow with it.

Prov. 10: 22.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1877.

WITNESS.

Journalism has, since the WITNESS commenced its existence in 1846, remarkably advanced in volume, in power and in character. Even the London *Times*, not much more than thirty years ago, was more scurrilous in its editorials than would suit to-day the lowest class of country papers. A newspaper should therefore not only increase rapidly in circulation year by year, but must set before it higher and broader aims that its influence may keep pace with its prominence.

As in all other businesses, the year 1876 has been one of unusual difficulty for newspaper enterprise. The advertising columns have seriously contracted in such papers as do not pad them out with what is called "dead" matter. From this cause the DAILY WITNESS has at times been able on a smaller sheet to give as much reading matter as in the best years. It has been our custom in years past to vary the size of the paper with the pressure of the business, although there are of course limits beyond which, at our present price, enlargement would be unwise, after which greater condensation is the only way open for increasing the capacity of the paper. Smaller type also comes into play. We have, under pressure, used as small type as the most successful American journals. But to this there is also a limit. When it is possible we give a larger paper on Saturdays than on other days of the week, as in Montreal as in most cities, that day's paper is proportionally so full of advertisements that, to have the same share of reading, it is necessary to have much more space.

There has been a proposition emanating from subscribers to the WEEKLY WITNESS that that paper should be printed in a sixteen page form instead of one of eight pages as at present. This question was submitted some months ago to the readers of that paper, and a number of opinions were expressed, the vote standing as follows:—For, seven; against, seven. The general opinion seems strongly in favor of the change. It should be understood that in the new form there would be somewhat less reading matter, but the pages would be cut and fastened, which would of course involve expense. On this question we are anxious to learn the opinions of all subscribers, who might express them on a separate sheet while sending remittances for the new year.

The following figures show the circulation of the WITNESS, on the first of September, for six years:—

	Daily.	Semi-Weekly or Tri-Weekly.	Weekly.
1871...	10,700	3,000	8,000
1872...	10,700	3,600	9,000
1873...	11,600	3,600	10,750
1874...	12,900	3,300	17,000
1875...	12,400	3,200	19,700
1876...	12,400	3,200	26,600

Repeated attacks and untiring persecution have not failed to tell more or less on the circulation of the DAILY WITNESS, but it still sells largely among Roman Catholics, both French and Irish, and we look for a time when it will be recognized by the masses of every creed as their best friend. Meantime we mean to continue to make it the most interesting and useful paper they can get for the money. In the early part of the present year a very kind movement originated with some of our readers to express in a substantial way the public interest in a journal which events had forced to the front in a contest against ecclesiastical aggression and oppression. A remarkably enthusiastic public meeting was held, at which all classes and parties were largely represented and a committee appointed to gather funds for the erection of a WITNESS BUILDING; to be presented to the proprietors of the paper. Some thousands of dollars were forwarded, but owing, we presume, to the commercial stringency, the fund did not reach the proportions which its projectors expected, and the matter lies at present in abeyance.

It is our desire to maintain the proportion of increase shown in the WEEKLY WITNESS. The average growth during five years has been twenty-eight per cent, and last year's increase was thirty-five per cent. At the lowest of these figures we should have a circulation next year of thirty-four thousand. This, of course, can only be attained by a great and united effort on the part of all friends. We have a very large number of assured friends. If each of these will set apart as early as possible, sufficient time to visit those in their neighborhood to whose families they think a paper like the WITNESS would prove useful, a very great deal will be accomplished. Many clergymen and other philanthropists make a point of doing this that healthy literature may be enabled to maintain its ground against literary trash and poison. Our friends well know the principles of the paper and its position in the two great conflicts with Rome and Rum, on whose issue the happiness of Canada so largely depends. We therefore ask those who wish to be sharers in either of these great battles to promote its circulation by whatever means may be in their power. Boys and girls may join in this work and do as hitherto most efficient service.

NORTHERN MESSENGER.

The growth of the "Northern Messenger" has been still more remarkable. It is now known from Labrador to Texas. The figures for three years have been:

1874.....	15,000
1875.....	25,000
1876	50,000

This shows for the time in question an average of eighty-three per cent. increase. The same rate would give us a circulation of over 90,000 by this time next year, and there is no reason why we should not get it. Let our young friends who know the MESSENGER make up their minds to double its circulation this year as last.

NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

This Magazine has at last taken a start in the way of increased circulation. Our receipts for it during six months ending first September were seventy-seven per cent. higher than during the same period last year. Considerable improvements have been made which seem to have met with public favor. Besides superior mechanical work as compared with the past, the number of pages has been increased to ninety-six from eighty last year and sixty-four the year before. Much additional attention has been given to matters of household interest, and the pages are more generously illustrated. Improvements of this sort are introduced rather in hope of a large circulation than as warranted by present figures, and should our hopes be realized, still further improvement will be rendered possible. The rate of increase during the month of August would give us eight thousand subscribers by this time next year, and on this we count. Indeed it is requisite in view of the present outlay.

PRIZES.

With a view to maintaining the interest in the joint effort which we propose to have made to reach the figures we have set before us, we have prepared a list of prizes for the Month of October. It will be remembered that the Prize List offered for the same period last year, involved our paying to the competitors larger sums than they remitted. We hope a sufficient number will engage this time to hinder so unsatisfactory a result. All remittances must be marked "in competition for prize," or no notice can be taken of them in making up the accounts, and no request for the recognition of efforts not so entered can be allowed, as it would displace those who had fulfilled the conditions on which the prizes are offered. As last year all our expectations were realized in the way of increase of circulation, we look with some expectancy to the results of this autumn's campaign. The prizes are as follows:—

1.	To the person sending the largest amount of money on or before 1st November, as payment in advance for our publications.....			$, 50
2.	To the person sending the second largest amount.....			40
3.	do.	do.	third do.	30
4.	do.	do.	fourth do.	20
5.	do.	do.	fifth do.	15
6.	do.	do.	sixth do.	10
7.	do.	do.	seventh do.	5
8.	do.	do.	eighth do.	5
9.	do.	do.	ninth do.	5
10.	do.	do.	tenth do.	5
11.	do.	do.	eleventh do.	5
12.	do.	do.	twelfth do.	5

PRICES.

DAILY WITNESS, $3.00 per annum, postpaid. (To Ministers and Teachers actually in charge, $2.50.

TRI-WEEKLY WITNESS, $2.00 per annum, postpaid. (To Ministers and Teachers actually in charge, $1.50.)

WEEKLY WITNESS, $1.10 per annum, postpaid. (To Ministers and Teachers actually in charge, 85c.)

NEW DOMINION MONTHLY, $1.50 per annum, postpaid. (To Ministers and Teachers actually in charge, $1.25.)

NORTHERN MESSENGER, 30c. per annum, postpaid.

CLUBS.

The NEW DOMINION MONTHLY will be sent to all subscribers of the WITNESS for $1.25.

The MESSENGER will be sent in clubs to one address at the following rates:

10 copies.....	$ 2.50
25 copies.....	6.00
50 copies.....	11.50
100 copies.....	22.00
1,000 copies.....	200.00

The PUBLIC HEALTH MAGAZINE is clubbed with any edition of the WITNESS or NEW DOMINION MONTHLY for $1.50.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers,
Montreal.

THE NEW PRIZES.—**Our friends in British Columbia and other distant districts will notice that the present prize competition will terminate on November 1st. We would remind them that a vigorous fortnight's work is better than a year's without any interest, and that if the best use is made of their time, they will in all probability meet with success. The fact that in those districts, persons canvassing are in many instances breaking new grounds, may give them an advantage over those in the nearer districts, which have already been pretty well worked. It is now the best time of the year for Sunday-schools and similar organizations to make up clubs for the MESSENGER, to be in time for the winter, and take any benefit which may result from the competition. Although this number of the MESSENGER is dated November 1st, it should be received by subscribers two weeks before that time, the immense number of copies printed requiring that the papers should be issued a considerable time before date.**

BREAKFAST.—EPPS'S COCOA—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.* Made simply with boiling water or milk. Each packet is labelled—"JAMES EPPS & Co., Homœopathic Chemists, 48 Threadneedle Street, and 170 Piccadilly; Works, Euston Road and Camden Town, London."

A STEP IN ADVANCE.—The wonderful interest now being taken by numerous friends throughout the country in the more solid establishment of the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY shows very clearly that the recent efforts made to increase its value have been fully appreciated. It will be remembered that a few weeks ago the hope was expressed that the increase in receipts for the magazine would soon reach a hundred per cent. The increase for the first twenty-two days of the month of August last was exactly two hundred and fifty per cent. greater than for the corresponding period of 1875. It is possible that this percentage may yet increase, but we will be satisfied if it continues at this point for a year, which would give the magazine a circulation of over nine thousand copies in less than a year from now. Seven thousand was asked for, but ten thousand would be better. It is said that when a young man saves $1,000 his fortune is as good as made; when the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY is in the position to pay its expenses all profits will be put into improvements, until Canada has as good a magazine as is possible in England or the United States. This may not be considered possible by many, but such is the case nevertheless. Canada's manufactores, scientific specimens, and selection of school requisites, all took prominent if not first places at the world's competitive examination at Philadelphia, and the same quality of brain which gives her rank amongst the foremost there will also, if given opportunity, make her literature as well known.

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